

DEEP

*Draft 2b*

by

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## Cast of Characters

<u>Rebekah Poleman:</u>	Our hero
<u>David (voice only):</u>	Imperium's cheeky chappy crew member
<u>Sarah (voice only):</u>	Imperium's most exasperated crew member
<u>Occisor:</u>	Colossal squid. The mean voice in our head.
<u>Sike:</u>	Blobfish. Naive, optimistic, horrendously ugly.
<u>Sordy:</u>	Viperfish. Slimy, scaly, a Nice Guy.
<u>Kaera, Kyra and Kira:</u>	Angler fish. A sassy trio of laydays.

### Scene:

4,468 feet deep in the Kermadec Trench, off the northern tip of New Zealand.

### Time:

The near future.

ACT ISCENE 1

*SETTING: HAUNTING DEPTHS OF THE KERMADEC TRENCH IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.*

*ON RISE: The steady PING, PING, PING of an echolocator resounds, as swirls of light and specks float in the eternal emptiness. REBEKAH is suspended, enclosed in a large ATMOSPHERIC DIVING SUIT.*

*While the suit is made of hardy aluminium and her bulbous helmet makes her look like an astronaut, she has fully articulated joints and when she speaks, we hear her clearly through her communication system.*

*REBEKAH threads LARGE PROBES down into the abyss. It looks like hard work, and judging by her grunts and strains, it is.*

*When DAVID and SARAH speak, we hear them through the crackled radio only, as if they're across an expanse.*

- DAVID:** (off; distractedly) Are you sure you don't mind if I finish it?
- SARAH:** (off) I'm sure. I don't care anymore -- it's almost gone anyway.
- DAVID:** (off) You're sure sure?
- SARAH:** (off) I'm sure sure.
- DAVID:** (off) Because I really don't want this to turn into one of those situations where you say you're sure, then you hold onto it for months, and it comes out in another argument, you know?
- SARAH:** (off) Once it's gone it's gone, David. As long as you're okay with the guilt of knowing you were the one who exhausted our supply, you go ahead--
- DAVID:** (off) It's going to run out one day anyway, may as well enjoy it.
- SARAH:** (off) That is the most cynical outlook I've ever--
- DAVID:** (off) I prefer to think of it as the most life affirming outlook ever actually, Sarah. Here on this sub, not only do we have a decent supply of life's meagre remaining pleasures, but in some cases we have *the world's only* remaining pleasures. I think it's our duty to our dying species to enjoy what we can. If we didn't, I'd be rather ashamed of myself. Right, Bex?

*REBEKAH ignores them, instead concentrates on threading a LONG PROBE downward into the deep.*

**DAVID:** (off) Rebekah, come in.

**REBEKAH:** I'm here.

**DAVID:** (off) Answer your comms, okay? Don't scare us like that. (Beat) Now, whose side are you on?

**REBEKAH:** (speaking quickly; this happens *a lot*) I agree with both of you. Yes David, the finite nature of a thing gives us the perception it has a higher value. The more you have, the less you appreciate it. True with clothes and chocolate, but also sadly true with air, as we've witnessed in the last decade on the surface. It's only when the end is nigh do we sit up and *care* about anything, by which time - and this is where I agree with you, Sarah - there's no point lamenting the inevitable loss of it.

*Silence for a beat. REBEKAH stops working.*

**REBEKAH:** Come in?

**DAVID:** (off) Sorry, we're here. Just... You kinda took the fun out of that argument a little bit there.

**REBEKAH:** What are you two even arguing about?

**DAVID:** (off) It's not important.

**SARAH:** (off) I beg your pardon?

**REBEKAH:** Is it the last container of yoghurt? Please, *please* don't tell me you've been clogging up comms arguing about yogurt.

*Beat of silence.*

**DAVID:** (off) It's not that, of course it's not that.

**SARAH:** (off) No, no, don't be stupid, we wouldn't do that. Preposterous.

**REBEKAH:** Ha, good. Could be worse - could be the ice cream. (Beat) It's not the ice cream though, is it? (Beat) David...?

**DAVID:** (off; mouth full) Sorry, Rebekah.

**REBEKAH:** (good natured) You prick. That's the last ice cream in the Southern Hemisphere. (Beat.) Better be tasty.

**DAVID:** (off) Oh, it is.

*REBEKAH goes about her work, threading the PROBE down, letting out her rope tether hand over hand as she goes. We enjoy the steady PING of the sub echoing in the warbling water.*

**REBEKAH:** (re: probe; suddenly businesslike) Officer Hudson, note that probe four three seven has a slight bend in its shaft.

**DAVID:** (off) Noted, send it down.

**REBEKAH:** It should be marked and replaced.

**DAVID:** (off) Rebekah, these probes will be banged up to hell in about four weeks. The majority of their life down here will be warped. It's fine.

**REBEKAH:** It's not protocol.

**SARAH:** (off) I'm with David here, Rebekeh. Send it down.

*REBEKAH holds the probe. Considers the length of it.*

**REBEKAH:** I'm bringing it back in for recall.

**SARAH:** (off) Rebekah-- alright, fine. You're kind of a pain in the arse sometimes, Poleman.

*REBEKAH turns on her boosters and starts moving slowly upward through the water. Then, there's a heavy SWISH sound! A large shadow appears, but it's gone as soon as REBEKAH looks around.*

**REBEKAH:** Whoa.

**DAVID:** (off) Whoa, what?

**REBEKAH:** You didn't see that on radar?

**SARAH:** (off) See what?

**REBEKAH:** Maybe it was -- whoa!

*A dark TENTACLE-shaped shadow SWISHES nearby.*

**DAVID:** (off) Rebekah, you've been out there five hours now... Maybe we should bring you in--

**REBEKAH:** I'm fine.

*REBEKAH clicks a button on her wrist and we hear a ROBOTIC VOICE echoing inside her Atmospheric Diving Suit.*

**ADS SUIT:** (calm AI voice) Atmospheric pressure normal. Sonar reading normal.

**DAVID:** (off) Come on, I'll let you share this last ice cream--

**REBEKAH:** Ah!

*The probe is tugged from REBEKAH'S hand. The ROPE TETHER goes taught and she turns on her boosters to counter the force. An ALARM blares in her helmet.*

**SARAH:** (off; tense) Officer Poleman, return to Imperium now.

**DAVID:** (off) Large unidentified creature approximately one and a half leagues and coming in fast...

**REBEKAH:** What?

*The SHADOW appears again, then disappears, giving REBEKAH a fright.*

**SARAH:** (off) Officer Poleman, this is an urgent order: return to Imperium now.

**REBEKAH:** I'm trying but my tether to the probe is--

**DAVID:** (off) Cut the tether, Rebekah!

**REBEKAH:** The mission is more important than--

**SARAH:** (off) Cut the tether, for God's sake!

*With a TWANG, the tether goes slack. For a moment, everything is quiet.*

**REBEKAH:** Okay, I think I'm --

**DAVID:** (off) Rebekah!

*The tentacle shadow appears for a split second then REBEKAH'S tether is TUGGED VIOLENTLY downward. REBEKAH is pulled into the deep.*

ACT ISCENE 2

*FLASHES OF SCENE.*

*REBEKEAH is pulled further and further down as water RUSHES by. She pulls a KNIFE from her suit and prepares to cut her tether, but the violent momentum of her descent stops her getting balance.*

**ADS SUIT:** Depth velocity warning: exceeding recommended descent speed.

*A LOW, CHORUSED SNIGGER echoes from below -- not a human sound. REBEKAH drops the knife in fright and it floats away quickly before she can grab it.*

**SARAH:** (off) Rebekah, what's happening?!

**REBEKAH:** I can't get free of my tether!

**ADS SUIT:** Warning: You are in danger of barotrauma. Slow your descent.

**DAVID:** (off) Rebekah, let it go! It's pulling you down too far!

**SARAH:** (off) Rebekah, we're about to lose comms! You're going too deep!

*DAVID and SARAH'S frantic voices crackles, then cut out completely. REBEKAH'S breathing gets more harried as she spins and the sea around her sinks into BLACKOUT.*

ACT ISCENE 3

ON RISE: REBEKAH floats in her suit, unconscious. The ocean is darker, foreboding. She's completely alone. No PINGS from the sub. The swirling lights are bluer, less stark.

REBEKAH gasps -- comes to. She looks wildly around, searches. Checks wrist.

**REBEKAH:** Officer Poleman to Imperium? Come in. Come in, Imperium. Officer Hudson? Office Cory? Poleman too Imperium... David? Sarah? Come in! No, no, no, no...

*REBEKAH checks her tether. It's slack, leading down into nothing. She turns her boosters on full and zooms upward. There's no change in light or atmosphere.*

**ADS SUIT:** Booster battery at twenty percent.

*REBEKAH turns her boosters off and hits a couple of buttons on her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Entering low power mode. Atmospheric Diving Suit will reduce background activity like mail fetch until you can fully charge your suit.

**REBEKAH:** (calming herself but speeding into babble) Okay, hold on. Remember your training, Bex. But hey, you asked a question about it, didn't you? You asked, 'what would happen if you were on a mission and through circumstances outside your control became unthread to your sub?' and he shook his head and said, 'wouldn't happen.' He was smug and kept looking at your legs. 'Stop looking at my legs,' you said, impressively assertive. 'Hey,' he said, 'I can't help it - they're good looking legs.' (Big long breath. Checks wrist) Okay. Six hours of air supply with forty eight hours of back-up, and I've been out of the ship just over five hours... I should have at least six hours of-- (Clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT::** Air supply remaining: fifty one minutes.

**REBEKAH:** What the fuck is this shit?! No, no, that can't be right. (Presses wrist harder)

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: fifty minutes.

*REBEKAH pauses. Notices she's breathing frantically. Steadies her breathing.*

**REBEKAH:** That's fine. Everything is fine. I have back-up. (Clicks wrist).



- ADS SUIT:** Emergency air supply: tank not installed.
- REBEKAH:** Sarah, you daft little bitch! (Can't stop tears) 'Oh the back-up tank is too heavy, it'll slow you down -- it's a simple probe mission, you'll be tethered to the probe and we'll be right there.'
- A LOW, CHORUSED SHRIEKING LAUGH echoes from somewhere nearby. REBEKAH gets a fright and searches the darkness. It's pitch black down here.*
- OCCISOR:** (off; the chorused voice we've heard from the depths) You're going to die down here.
- REBEKAH:** What was that? What the fuck was that? Hello? (Silence. Then, a pep talk) Breathe. Chill. You're not gonna die under here. Fifty minutes is plenty of time to resurface, you're only fifteen hundred feet deep. (Clicks wrist)
- ADS SUIT:** Current depth: Four thousand, four hundred, sixty-eight feet.
- Beat of disbelief. REBEKAH clicks her wrist again.*
- ADS SUIT:** Current depth: Four thousand, four hundred, sixty-eight feet.
- REBEKAH::** (laughing; incredulous) FUCK ME! Four four six eight? That's two thousand, three hundred feet deeper than the Newtsuit! Ha. Holy shit. Deepest atmospheric diving suit in the world, baby! (She affects a small dance in the suit, awkwardly) Let's think.. The Imperium was at fifteen hundred... About half a kilometre, so I'm only... (Stark realisation) About a kilometre from it. My boosters could probably -- *maybe*... Take me that way. But if I don't choose the right direction... Fuck it. (Clicks wrist repeatedly)
- ADS SUIT::** Sonar detection: no foreign bodies within radius. Inertial navigation system: unknown. Fathometer: bottom of sea not found. Hydrodynamic pressure: six axion by nineteen axion.
- REBEKAH:** (getting idea) Hydrodynamic pressure... Underwater waves. (Points wrist upward and clicks)
- ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: six axion by nineteen axion.
- REBEKAH:** You fucking beauty. The Imperium's at Y-nineteen and X-zero, so if I follow the X axion upward and just make sure I stay on nineteen Y axion, easy peasy!
- VOICE:** (off) Oh, nice one.

**REBEKAH:** Ah! What? Who was--? Office Poleman to Imperium, was that you? Come in? Hello? (Silence) Hello? (Silence) Okay. So if I... (Turns on boosters and slowly starts moving upward)

**VOICE:** Yay!

*REBEKAH stops her boosters. Looks around.*

**REBEKAH:** Hello?

*A GLOWING, UGLY BLOBFISH floats in slowly, with seemingly no control over its trajectory.*

*The flesh of the BLOBFISH is a gelatinous mass, with a density slightly lower than water. Meaning it basically floats aimlessly without expending energy.*

**BLOBFISH:** (coy) Hello.

*REBEKAH breathes heavily in shock as the BLOBFISH gloats closer -- and closer -- and closer, until it bounces off her helmet.*

**REBEKAH:** Ah!

**BLOBFISH:** Ah!

*BLOBFISH bounces and floats off in the other direction, slowly revolving.*

**BLOBFISH:** Sorry.

*BLOBFISH disappears into the darkness. REBEKAH remains frozen for a beat, breathing.*

*BLOBFISH slowly floats back into the light near Rebekah.*

**REBEKAH:** You... You...

**BLOBFISH:** I'm ugly. Yeah. I get it.

**REBEKAH:** No, that's -- I was gonna... This is... (Shakes her head) Get your shit together, Bex.

**BLOBFISH:** Is that your name? Bex? Hello Bex.

*BLOBFISH does its best to control its movement but the result is a combo and spasms and thrusts.*

**REBEKAH:** Rebekah. Yeah. Hello.

**BLOBFISH:** I'm Psychrolutes. Dad calls me Chro. Mum calls me Lutees. Friends call me Sike. Bullies call me Psycho. (Beat) I'm not supposed to talk to human. But I've always been a bit of a rebel. (Beat; silence from REBEKAH) There's only ever been one other human to come down here, you know. Ages ago. Like, ages and ages ago. (Beat) Do you have friends?

*In response, REBEKAH turns her boosters on and moves away from SIKE, leaving it looking sad.*

**REBEKAH:** (to herself) Follow the waves back to the sub. In the even of suspect mania, acknowledge potential mania, check air supply, concentrate on facts. (Clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: four axion by nineteen axion. Nitrogen levels: normal.

*SIKE catches up with REBEKAH and floats nearby. REBEKAH notices the blobfish but determinedly looks away.*

**SIKE:** Where are you going? (Silence from REBEKAH) Where are you going? (Silence) Rebekah, where are you going? (Silence) Where are you going?

**REBEKAH:** Back to my sub.

**SIKE:** Ooh, are there other humans there?

**REBEKAH:** Yes.

**SIKE:** Are your friends there? (Silence) I don't have friends, you know. Back there when I said my friends call me Sike, I was lying. I mean, I'd like them to call me Sike, but I don't have any actual... You know. (Beat) Friends.

*REBEKAH turns her boosters up slightly and goes faster, losing Sike. She clicks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: six axion by nineteen axion.

*REBEKAH stops her boosters.*

**REBEKAH:** No, no, no. How am I getting further away?

*SIKE catches up and floats lamely by while REBEKAH searches.*

**SIKE:** I'm not supposed to leave the Meso DuoDecim either. But like I mentioned earlier, I'm a bit of rebel, you know.

- SIKE (cont'd):** You know what I'm talking about I guess, since you're away from your home and your friends too. Meso DuoDecim is my home. Dad was like, 'Chro, don't leave the DuoDecim,' and Mum was like, 'Lutees, don't leave the Meso DuoDenim,' because of Occisor, you know. Occisor wants to eat all the blobfish, everybody knows that. But I guess everybody wants to eat us. I bet you do, don't you?
- REBEKAH:** (hardly paying attention) Huh?
- SIKE:** You want to eat me.
- REBEKAH:** Oh. Not really.
- SIKE:** Ha. Whatever. You so do. It's okay. We've been voted Kermadec's Tastiest Resident on the The Bladder for the last point two five Quahogs. So you know, it's hardly surprising. (Beat) Are you voted tasty? Back on land?
- REBEKAH:** (highly uncomfortable) Not really.
- SIKE:** Didn't think so. I think you're hideous. But that's because I'm into blobs, you know. So it's like, nothing against you. But the more important thing is, do *you* think you're tasty?
- REBEKAH:** Can't say I do.
- SIKE:** Oh, that's a problem. I mean, I don't know if I *am* tasty, but I'm lucky everyone thinks I am because then I kinda *feel* like I am, you know?
- REBEKAH absent-mindedly nods; clicks her wrist.*
- ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: five axion by seventeen axion.
- REBEKAH:** How did I move? We must be in a current.
- SIKE:** Oh yeah, we're in the (unintelligible sound). You can't tell?
- REBEKAH:** What? No, I can't feel anything.
- SIKE:** Wow, that must be strange. So it's true, humans are basically blind out here, huh? Why did you come this way if you can't even feel you're in the (unintelligible sound)?
- REBEKAH:** We were looking for something.
- SIKE:** Ooh, like a treasure hunt?
- REBEKAH:** Something like that.
- SIKE:** Have you found the treasure?

**REBEKAH:** No.

**SIKE:** One time I was meant to go on a date with this really blobby fish - you should've seen the curves on them - but when I got to the (another unintelligible sound), where we had agreed to meet, turns out it was a joke. There was a bunch of other blobfish there to tease me. (Painful reminiscent beat) They slapped me on my blobby bits. (Beat) But oh well, that kind of thing happens, doesn't it? (Beat) AMPBLYOPS!

*REBEKAH gets a fright from SIKE'S outburst and searches around wildly. A LARGE GROUP OF KRILL float by. They emit a pleasant HUMMING sound, all harmonising with each other.*

Krill. Stupid. But great voices. Are you a good singer?

**REBEKAH:** You're kidding me.

**SIKE:** Of course I am. (Beat) But are you? Because I'm not, but I love to sing because it makes me feel good.

**REBEKAH:** I need to get back to the Imperium, I only have...

*The KRILL gather volume and chorus. There's an unmistakable chord progression.*

**SIKE:** Well, I'm going to sing. If Krill are here, it must be because it's time to sing. Whether or not you join me is--

**REBEKAH:** Not gonna join you--

*SIKE bursts out in an improvised song, backed by the KRILL. REBEKAH turns on her boosters and tries to get away but SIKE and the KRILL follow.*

**SIKE:** Sing with us, Rebekah! You'll feel better I swear.

*REBEKAH ignores the song. The lyrics SIKE makes up are about how fun life is if you're a rebel like him. It's a song about being naively confident. REBEKAH checks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: four axion by nineteen axion.

**REBEKAH:** I'm back on track? I'm back on track!

*The song continues as REBEKAH finds her way back to the Imperium, clicking her wrist for guidance and using her boosters sparingly.*

*The KRILL and SIKE get excited for her as the song builds. Then the KRILL stop singing abruptly and disperse.*

**SIKE:** (mid-song) Oh, why did they stop? Oh no.

**REBEKAH:** (following SIKE'S eyeliner) What's that?

**SIKE:** Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

**REBEKAH:** Sike, stop freaking out and tell me what it is. Is it that thing, the Ock, the Oss?

**SIKE:** Occisor? No. But I can't be here, I have to get back to Meso DuoDecim.

**REBEKAH:** For fuck's sake, Sike. Whatever it is, I have to go directly past it.

**SIKE:** Rebekah, good luck. You're a wonderful, hideous first human for me to have met and I hope you find your treasure.

**REBEKAH:** Sike, wait!

*But SIKE'S gone. REBEKAH turns off her boosters and floats. She shines the torch on her wrist but it only shows a bare shaft of light ahead.*

ACT ISCENE 4

*Things get scary as REBEKAH floats in the deep, waiting for the unknown.*

**REBEKAH:** Hello? Can you hear me up there? I'm going to come past you, okay? I need to get to my submersible, the Imperium. I don't mean you any harm -- Christ, I can't believe I'm talking to nothing.

*We see the beginnings of a shape... It's long... Scaly... Slithery...*

Excuse me?

*The coiled shape gets closer. Then, in an instant, it SPRINGS to life, a LONG, SPINDLY VIPERFISH. It SCREAMS, revealing a GIGANTIC JAW and LARGE PROTRUDING EYES. This is SORDY.*

**SORDY:** AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

**REBEKAH:** Holy shit! Holy shit! What the hell!

*SORDY'S scream changes into a laugh.*

**SORDY:** Calm down, it was only a joke! A prank, a prank. I was like, 'Rah!' and you were like, 'Holy shit!'

**REBEKAH:** What? What? (Fights to steady her breath; clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: thirty six minutes.

**REBEKAH:** No! Goddamn it. Heavy breathing is not what I need right now, *fuck*.

**SORDY:** Whoa, that is *not* ladylike at all, swearing like that in front of a stranger. I didn't know you were a human when you approached me. That's the thing, I like, never get approached. It's always me having to do the work. So like, I didn't know you'd be a human with a limited air supply.

**REBEKAH:** I have to go. (Clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: three point six axion by nineteen axion.

**SORDY:** You have to get back to your sub. You said.

**REBEKAH:** You know it?

**SORDY:** Not intimately. Ha. But yeah, I know it. I know *of* it. The whole Kermadec does 'coz of The Bladder. This place is a gossip machine.

*REBEKAH turns on her boosters and starts to move.  
SORDY keeps up with her, slithering through the water.  
REBEKAH is visibly annoyed by this.*

Do you know where you're going? Because I could help, like, I'd be happy to help. If you ask politely.

**REBEKAH:** Thanks. I know where I'm going.

**SORDY:** What's the rush for? (REBEKAH doesn't answer) Like, you seem to be in a rush to get back.

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: thirty five minutes.

**REBEKAH:** That's my rush.

**SORDY:** Oh yeah, fair enough, fair enough. Thought it might be because I scared you back there. Though it annoyed you. (Beat) Did it annoy you?

**REBEKAH:** A bit, but it's fine.

**SORDY:** It was just a joke, I thought you'd like it. I wouldn't want to upset anyone beautiful. (Beat) And I think you're beautiful.

*Awkward. Creepy beat.*

Did you hear me?

**REBEKAH:** Yup. Thanks.

**SORDY:** No problem. Like, I've seen better but... Are you riding the (unintelligible sound)? (REBEKAH ignores him) Because if you are, you should probably angle yourself a little differently. You've got your leg out like that and it's creating a drag, which is putting you off direction a bit.

*SORDY swims to REBEKAH'S leg. She tenses up as he pushes her into a more elegant pose.*

If you just move this here... There we go. Now you're getting it. The current will just take you now.

*REBEKAH turns off her boosters and sure enough, she moves freely in the current.*

**REBEKAH:** Thank you.



**SORDY:** (bows head) You're welcome, m'lady.

*REBEKAH ignores SORDY who slithers along next to her in the current.*

You have beautiful features. (Beat) Like, your whole face would light up if you just like, smiled a bit more. Try it now. Just like, smile for me. (Beat) Come on. Smile.

**REBEKAH:** I'm not in a smiling mood.

**SORDY:** That's kinda what I'm saying. Like, you have to smile first, then you'll feel better. Trust me. Like, check me out. (Shows his big jaws in a smile) I'm the happiest fish I know. (Beat) Maybe you need more exercise. Do you exercise? Do you?

**REBEKAH:** I do.

**SORDY:** I can tell. Fit. You look fit. Strong.

**REBEKAH:** (uncomfortable) Yeah.

**SORDY:** I'm really into fitness. More specifically martial arts. I'm really into kubuke. It takes a lot of discipline. It's an art form really. Not everybody is disciplined enough to really *get it*, but like, I really connect with it. I must sound obsessive, but it's a pretty intense practice, that's all. I find it really spiritual.

**REBEKAH:** Sound cool. (Clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: three point one axion by nineteen axion.

**SORDY:** See? Closer already. Told you to trust me. (Beat) Can I ask you question? Super random, you don't have to answer but... When was the last time you had sex?

**REBEKAH:** Whoa. That's... I'm not answering that.

**SORDY:** Haha, okay, fair enough, fair enough. (Beat) Surprising. Hm. Didn't expect you to be a prude about it, that's quite interesting.

**REBEKAH:** I'm not a prude because I don't want to talk to a random fish about my sex life.

**SORDY:** I'm a viperfish and my name is Sordy. I'm not a random fish, okay? I'm helping you, aren't I? (Beat) Aren't I?

**REBEKAH:** I guess.

**SORDY:** So consider it a thank you. For me helping you. All you have to do is answer the question, it's not a big deal.

**REBEKAH:** I'm not going to talk about that with you.

**SORDY:** That long ago, then?

**REBEKAH:** You're very pushy.

**SORDY:** So it's been a long time. I hope it was good but it sounds like it's terrible. (Beat) If you're this cagey about it, he must have been awful. (Beat) If it were me, I would've made sure it was special. I would really pay attention to your body.

**REBEKAH:** It wasn't bad, okay? It wasn't bad and it wasn't good, it just *was*. I really don't want to talk about it.

**SORDY:** Because of my martial arts discipline, I pay a lot of attention when it comes to that kind of activity. It's all about communication. (Beat) Are you a good communicator? I bet you love dirty talk.

**REBEKAH:** I do not.

**SORDY:** It's a lot of fun, dirty talk, isn't it?

**REBEKAH:** In my personal opinion, no. I've never enjoyed it. Personally. That's my opinion. If you like it, fine.

**SORDY:** Huh. (Beat) So you're not in any danger of getting turned on if I was to say... I wanna latch my mouth onto your dirty little pussy.

**REBEKAH:** (gags) Christ. No. I am in no danger of getting turned on.

**SORDY:** (cheekily) Liar.

**REBEKAH:** (had enough now) I'm serious. I don't know how to make it more clear to you: I do not want to talk about this with you. I just want to get back to my submarine.

**SORDY:** Why? What's there for you? Some guy you wanna fuck?

**REBEKAH:** Jesus. No.

**SORDY:** Well, what then? Friends?

**REBEKAH:** (beat) No, actually. Not really.

**SORDY:** So you wanna get back to the sub so you can hurry back to the surface, back to your friends and all the guys who are waiting to sleep with you.

**REBEKAH:** No.

**SORDY:** Bullshit.

**REBEKAH:** (comes out before she can stop it) Genuinely no, there's nobody up there waiting for me. There's nothing for me up there. No friends, no boyfriends, no girlfriends, there's barely anybody left.

*Long beat. Could be poignant. But SORDY misses its significance.*

**SORDY:** (beat) You're probably into asshole guys. (Beat) I knew it. If you weren't such a prude--

**REBEKAH:** I'm not a prude, I just--

**SORDY:** You can't even take a compliment. I say all those nice things about you being sexy if you smile, and you--

**REBEKAH:** I don't want those compliments from you--

**SORDY:** Your problem is you don't open up, not to me and not to that other guy by the sounds of things. (Beat) You're a slut, that's all. (Beat) Now the silent treatment? Really mature. (Beat) You're just a slut deep down like most girls, but you're too much of a prude to admit it. All you bitches are the same, at the end of the day you'd rather be with a big muscular shark or whale or even a dolphin instead of giving someone like me a chance, a genuinely nice guy.

*SORDY swims away. REBEKAH sighs. Shakes off the disgust. Concentrates on her task. Clicks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: two point five axion by nineteen axion.

**REBEKAH:** Good. On track. (Beat; tiny bit of self doubt creeps in) I'm not a prude just because I... Ridiculous. Disgusting.

*In the deep background, we hear a LOW, CHORUSED CACKLE. It's like it's making fun of her.*

**OCCISOR:** (off; barely discernible) Prude.

(Shakes her head clear) I'm not a prude.

**VOICE:** (feminine) That's right, girl.

**REBEKAH:** Oh what now?

ACT ISCENE 5

*REBEKAH turns to see A GLOWING BALL emerge from the shadows. Then, ANOTHER GLOWING BALL. Then, blinking to life, ONE MORE.*

**REBEKAH:** Oh good.

*The glowing balls move closer and burn brighter, causing light to glint off THREE PAIRS of EYES hiding behind them. REBEKAH squints to see more. They're strangely hypnotising.*

*REBEKAH is transfixed as the BALLS come closer. Three ANGLER FISH come into the light. They have GAPING JAWS lined with sharp teeth, bulbous eyes that stare vacantly without a pupil, and luminescent fins with claw-like ridges. The most recognisable feature is a fleshy growth that extends from their foreheads like a fishing lure... This is KIRA, KYRA, and KAERA.*

**KIRA:** (feminine voice) That viperfish is such a grotty beta bitch.

**KYRA:** Honestly, don't even worry about him.

**KAERA:** He is so despo.

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (unison) Soooooooo despo.

*The ANGLERS giggle together and circle REBEKAH playfully.*

**KYRA:** I'm Kyra.

**KIRA:** Kira.

**KAERA:** Kaera.

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (unison) And we're Angler Fish. Obviously.

**KAERA:** They call us Sea Devils.

**KIRA:** No, they don't.

**KYRA:** I wish they would. (They giggle)

**KAERA:** And you're the human.

**KIRA:** Obviously.

**KYRA:** Yeah, obviously.

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (unison) Sooooooooo obvs.

**REBEKAH:** Rebekah.

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (talking over each other) Rebekah! What a cute name. Wish I had that name. You're so lucky. Re-be-kah - gorgeous.

**KIRA:** And you're trying to get to that big submarine.

**KAERA:** Imperium.

**KYRA:** Such a *big* ship.

**REBEKAH:** How did you--?

**KAERA:** Everybody knows *everything* down here in the Keramdec.

**KIRA:** Which means it's only a matter of time before Occisor hears about you.

**KAERA:** And comes for you.

**KYRA:** And eats your cute little arse up. Suit and all.

**KIRA:** She probably already knows.

**REBEKAH:** Yeah, I've heard about Occisor. But, I'm almost back to Imperium.

**KAERA:** Do you want to tell her?

**KIRA:** Bags not.

**KYRA:** I'm not fucking telling her.

**REBEKAH:** Tell me what?

*Silence.*

**KAERA:** Nothing.

**REBEKAH:** Kyra, tell me.

**KAERA:** Okay, I'm Kaera. This is Kyra.

**KYRA:** Me. I'm Kyra.

**KIRA:** I'm Kira.

**KYRA:** Nobody asked your name.

**KIRA:** Yeah, but it's still my name, *bitch*.

**KYRA:** Excuse me?

**KIRA:** You heard me.

**KYRA:** I'm gonna pretend I didn't.

**REBEKAH:** Tell me what?!

**KAERA:** You're out of the (unintelligible sound).

**REBEKAH:** Which means...?

**KIRA:** Lady, you're floating away.

**REBEKAH:** Away? What do you mean away?

**KAERA:** What do you think we mean? Away means like, not in *the* way.

**KYRA:** You can't blindly trust your radars, okay?

**KIRA:** Yeah, that's super dangerous.

**KYRA:** Haven't you ever heard of instinct? You have to run on that sometimes.

**REBEKAH:** Wait, you're saying my suit's reading isn't accurate?

**KIRA:** It's accurate to a point.

**KAERA:** But there's so much interference down here.

**KIRA:** So much noise!

**KYRA:** Hard to know who to listen to.

**KAERA:** Relax. We're here to help you out. Okay?

**KIRA:** Honestly, trust us. Honestly.

**KAERA:** We saw you getting drooled over by that viperfish ballsack, and we made the decision then.

**KIRA:** Ladies gotta stick together.

**KYRA:** Holla!

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (unison) *Laydays*.

**REBEKAH:** Okay... I have like... (Clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: twenty eight minutes.

**REBEKAH:** Under half an hour before I suffocate out here.

**KIRA:** Baby, we have the best sense of smell you'll ever meet.

**KAERA:** How do you meet a sense of smell?

**KYRA:** You know what she means, don't be a ho.

**KIRA:** Baby, we have the best sense of smell *of any fish* you'll ever meet. Happy, Kaera?

**KAERA:** You were right, it was snappier the first way you said it.

**KYRA:** *And* we have magnetic anomaly detection. Which means--

**KAERA:** We can *feel* your sub.

**KIRA:** It's a nice *big* ship.

**KYRA:** Can't miss it.

**KAERA:** We're about five minutes swim from it. It's stationary between the (random sound) and the (another random sound).

**KIRA:** You mean the (another sound).

**KAERA:** Did I say (Kira's sound)? No, bitch, I said (original sound).

**KIRA:** (to REBEKAH) She's been like this ever since Jason attached himself to her last week.

**REBEKAH:** Attached himself? Oh god!

*KAERA turns to the side, revealing the MORPHED REMAINS of a SMALLER ANGLER FISH glued to the side of her, with large testicles hanging off.*

**KYRA:** It's called genetic chimera. It's how we mate.

**KIRA:** The men are tiny, so they attach themselves to us--

**KAERA:** If we let them.

**KYRA:** Yeah, if they're worthy.

**KIRA:** We merge circulatory systems--

**KAERA:** They grow these massive balls--

**KYRA:** And the rest of their bodies kinda shrink away.

**KIRA:** It's almost sad.

**KAERA:** If it weren't so funny.

**REBEKAH:** That's insane.

**KIRA:** It's normal to us. We've heard stories about how *you* operate up there--

**KYRA:** Sounds *ferocious*.

**KAERA:** Men with these flopping dicks plowing *inside* you all the time?

**KIRA:** No. Fucking. Way.

**KYRA:** No no, not turning up for that. You want a piece of this?

**KIRA:** Then attached yourself and shrink away, bitch.

**KAERA:** And grow those massive balls for mummy.

*Another chorus of giggles.*

**REBEKAH:** I'm sorry, but I'm officially in a hurry. Do you think--

**KAERA:** We're on our way.

**KIRA:** Haven't you noticed?

**KYRA:** If she noticed, would she have asked if we could--?

**KIRA:** Shut up, Kyra--

**KYRA:** I beg your pardon, bitch?

**KAERA:** (to REBEKAH) We've been drifting you over there. Not far to go now.

*REBEKAH clicks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: one point four axion by nineteen axion.

**KYRA:** See?

**KIRA:** Magnetic anomaly detection.

**KAERA:** Only weird thing is your sub doesn't have a smell.

**REBEKAH:** It's made of metal.

**KAERA:** I can smell metal, I guess?

**KIRA:** I can still smell how grossed out Rebekah is by viperfish beta boy back there.

**KYRA:** Yeah, it's time to shake it off now, Bex.

**KIRA:** Ballbags like that aren't worth the stress. Which is easy to say, I know.



**KAERA:** Nice guys like that get off on any kind of reaction. Best thing for it--

**KYRA:** Ignore.

**KIRA:** Trying to get you horny? Pathetic.

**KAERA:** Get the message -- she's not in the mood! Swim on!

**REBEKAH:** (blurts it out) I barely ever get horny.

*The ANGLERS, so talkative before, go quiet.*

**KYRA:** What?

**KIRA:** Is that a... Joke?

**REBEKAH:** There are more important things in my life.

**KAERA:** (beat) Like what?

**REBEKAH:** Like... Like this expedition! The future of the human race could depend on what we find down here. (Convincing herself) How I feel is ineffectual compared to the enormity of my task. We are spearheading an initiative that could be the key to reversing some of the damage... What?

**KAERA:** You need to get fucked.

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (unison) Holla!

**REBEKAH:** (groaning) Not you guys too.

**KYRA:** Hear us out, baby.

**KIRA:** Maybe Kaera doesn't mean 'get fucked,' like, plowed by those flopping human dicks. We mean...

**KAERA:** You need to cum.

**KYRA:** More often than you do currently.

**KIRA:** Much more often.

**KAERA:** We can smell your tension a mile off.

**KIRA:** It smells like walnuts.

**KYRA:** Which is *not* good.

**KAERA:** Cumming is the best release. You should be doing once daily, at least.

**KYRA:** (off REBEKAH'S silence) Or like, thrice weekly.

**KIRA:** (off continued silence) Maybe weekly?

**KAERA:** Fortnightly?

**KYRA:** *Monthly?*

*REBEKAH is avoiding eye contact.*

**KIRA:** Fuck off.

**KYRA:** You don't...

**KAERA:** But sometimes you...?

**KYRA:** Have you ever...?

**KIRA:** Not even alone?

**KAERA:** Right.

**KYRA:** Wow.

**REBEKAH:** Plenty of people have never had an orgasm! I refuse to feel bad about this.

**KIRA:** No, definitely don't feel bad.

**KAERA:** Just... Wow.

**KYRA:** Yeah, wow.

**KIRA:** Are you that ugly that nobody wants to sleep with you?

**REBEKAH:** It's not that. I just...

**KAERA:** What about alone?

**REBEKAH:** It's never felt that good. I'm too aware it's myself doing it and I keep thinking how stupid I must look.

**KIRA:** What about an electric toothbrush, ever tried that?

**KYRA:** Or the showered?

**KAERA:** A hairbrush?

**KYRA:** Deodorant bottle?

*Big pause.*

**KAERA:** Kyra, what the fuck?

**KIRA:** *A deodorant bottle?*

**KYRA:** I heard that's what some of the landies do.

**KIRA:** No shaming, it's just... That's... Thick. (To REBEKAH) Have you tried it?

**REBEKAH:** I'm totally okay with not really enjoying sex.

**KAERA:** Hold on, 'not really enjoying sex'?!

**KIRA:** Not cumming is one thing.

**KYRA:** Not playing with yourself is another.

**KAERA:** But *not really enjoying sex*?

**REBEKAH:** I don't want to talk about this anymore.

**KAERA:** Okay.

**KYRA:** We respect that.

**KIRA:** Totes. Obvs.

**KAERA:** Good timing too.

**REBEKAH:** Huh?

*The ANGLERS turn to face the same direction. A looming SHADOW appears.. IMPERIUM!*

Holy shit! Imperium! Thank you, thank you, thank you. (Into radio) Come in, Hudson, Cory? Poleman to Imperium, come in?

**KAERA:** Our pleasure.

**KYRA:** What a nice *big* ship.

**KIRA:** Truly a pleasure.

**KAERA:** But do us a favour in return.

**REBEKAH:** Anything.

**KAERA:** Love yourself a bit more.

**KIRA:** Try the shower head.

**KYRA:** Go hog wild, give that deodorant bottle a shot.

**KIRA:** It's so *thick*.

**REBEKAH:** (laughing) I'll try. I will.

*REBEKAH turns on her boosters and the ANGLERS join her in approaching the sub. As they get closer...*

Wait... That's not...

**KIRA:** What's up?

**KAERA:** Bex?

**REBEKAH:** This isn't Imperium.

**KYRA:** Of course it is.

**KIRA:** What else could it be?

**KAERA:** It's a sub. Right? Big, smells of human-made stuff--

**REBEKAH:** It's a sub, yeah. But... It's not mine...

*Heavy beat.*

**KAERA:** So, what, we got it wrong?

**KYRA:** And doesn't this mean you're going to...

**KIRA:** (close to tears) Going to...?

*REBEKAH clicks wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: fifteen minutes.

**REBEKAH:** Die. Chances are look pretty good for that, yeah.

*Respectful silence.*

**KIRA:** I hope you don't mind if we...

**KYRA:** It's just that we aren't very good...

**KAERA:** This is heavy.

**KIRA:** Ask us anything about wanting.

**KAERA:** Or testicles growing on the side of your body.

**KYRA:** But this? This is too heavy.

**REBEKAH:** I understand.

*Awkwardly, the ANGLERS turn and swim away into the darkness, taking their attractive lighted lures with them. REBEKAH is left in the dark, lit only by the LEDs on her ADS suit.*

*REBEKAH grabs hold of the OLD SUB and climbs onto a girder and relaxes down to die.*

ACT IISCENE 1

*REBEKAH reclines on the girder of the OLD SUB, taking stock of her situation. She clicks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: thirteen minutes remaining.

*REBEKAH sits in silence. Breathing steadily. Clicks her wrist again.*

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: thirteen minutes re-- nope, *twelve* minutes remaining.

*REBEKAH starts picking at the girder. She scratches at it, then looks closer. Something startles her.*

**REBEKAH:** What...? This is... This is volcanic ash!

*REBEKAH looks wildly around for somebody to talk to but of course, she's alone. She holds her wrist.*

Record note. Include co-ordinants.

**ADS SUIT:** Voice recording (BEEP)

**REBEKAH:** Kia ora, this is Officer Poleman of the Imperium, recording taken approximately forty three days into the Alumentum expedition, the last push effort to find hope for Australasia following the Great Rise of the Pacific. We thought, optimistically, it would take between five and fifty years to find anything with our probes, but it seems a trio of sassy Angler fish may have led me directly to... I don't quite know what it is.

*REBEKAH examines the OLD SUB. There is a small compartment that looks as if it might open, so she attempts to jiggle it.*

I've found a structure made of volcanic ash mixed with lime... Yeah, exactly. What buildings in Ancient Rome were made of. Based on theories that the Greek were making submersibles as early as 1450 BC, the only explanation is that I'm standing on a very, *very* old submarine.

*REBEKAH laughs in disbelief, then her laugh turns into quiet weeping.*

*A LONG, LOW GROAN echoes from nearby. REBEKAH looks up to see an IMPOSSIBLY BIG shadow, hovering a indiscriminate distance from her. A SPERM WHALE.*

*REBEKAH is startled out of her sorrow and holds a hand up to it. The WHALE emits a series of clicks and groans in response, then moves on its way.*

I made it to thirty years old. That's more than most people can say. I'm grateful for the chance to save us, and I'm regretful that I failed. (Beat) It's not actually a bad place to die. End recording.

**SIKE:** (off) Die?!

**REBEKAH:** Jesus!

*SIKE floats back into the scene, slowly turning in the water uncontrollably.*

Sike?

**SIKE:** Hi Rebekah! How've you been?

**REBEKAH:** Oh you know -- amazing.

**SIKE:** Look, I wanted to say I'm sorry about bailing on you earlier. Viperfish and blobfish don't really get on, you know. Their attitudes tend to shut me right down and -- are you okay?

*REBEKAH'S breathing is laboured. She clicks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: eight minutes.

**REBEKAH:** Yeah, just very fucking...

**SIKE:** What?

**REBEKAH:** *Angry.*

*REBEKAH slams her fist against the compartment in frustration. Something shifts and the door SWINGS open. A circular object falls from the compartment through the water.*

*REBEKAH leaps off the girder and catches it, then swings back into sitting position and inspects it.*

Whoa. Sike, do you know what this is?

**SIKE:** Yeah, it's the (unintelligible sound). The human I told you about? The other one who used to come down here. This was their suit, I guess, how they got around. My great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great (takes a breath) great-great-great grandmother met them.

**SIKE (cont'd):** (Beat) Oh, I think they were two more ‘great’s meant to be in there, sorry.

*REBEKAH holds up the object. It’s an ANTIKYTHERA MECHANISM. It’s circular and intricately carved. Looks similar to a HARD DISK but made of RUSTED BRONZE.*

**REBEKAH:** Sike, this is an Antikythera Mechanism. It’s an analog computer made in Ancient Greece! Sike, this sub actually from Ancient Greece!

**SIKE:** Yeah I know. Like I said, it’s the (unintelligible sound).

**REBEKAH:** They’d use it for astrological predictions, they could tell the weather four years in advance. This is... Sike, this is huge.

*REBEKAH turns the mechanism again and a CLICKING echoes. REBEKAH turns it faster until something settles into place.*

Side, do you know how to work this?

**SIKE:** Rebekah, I’m a blob. (Beat) No, I don’t know how to work it.

**REBEKAH:** I can see characters but I can’t make sense of them. My Ancient Greek is a little rusty. Much like this bronze... Ha. Sike, do you know what the human was doing coming down here?

**SIKE:** Yeah my great-great-great-great--

**REBEKAH:** Your relative.

**SIKE:** Yeah my relative said the human would come down here all the time.

**REBEKAH:** All the time?

**SIKE:** Like, the time a whale is pregnant for.

**REBEKAH:** The time a whale is pregnant for? Annually?

**SIKE:** It was a family holiday.

**REBEKAH:** A family holiday?!

**SIKE:** Why are you repeating everything? Are you okay?

*REBEKAH obviously isn’t okay. Her breathing is getting rougher. She holds up her hand and takes a deliberately slow breath to calm herself.*



**REBEKAH:** I'm just... I'm struggling to comprehend this. I think I can see a topographics etched onto this thing, and if I...

*REBEKAH turns the mechanism and the cogs click, then she turns it slightly back the other way.*

There! There's a wheel for each star sign depending where the stars are in the sky at the moment, and a wheel for the current lunar position, so if I can -- oh my god, it's a map.

**SIKE:** Yeah, it'll be pointing you to the (unintelligible sound).

**REBEKAH:** The what? Sike, you have to remember I can't understand what that language is.

**SIKE:** Oh, sorry. The underwater city. For humans.

*Dramatic beat.*

They breathe air there, so I can't visit properly.

**REBEKAH:** Okay, Sike, you have to... Tell me about... (Struggles to breathe)

**ADS SUIT:** (alarm beep) Air supply critical: five minutes remaining.

**REBEKAH:** That's not good.

**SIKE:** Oh no. Rebekah, are you okay?

**REBEKAH:** I feel dizzy, but I'm fine, Sike. I have a map that takes me to Atlantis, so I'm feeling pretty good.

**SIKE:** Atlantis. That's what my great-great-great-- my relative called it.

**REBEKAH:** Could you take me there?

**SIKE:** I'd love to but... Occisor. Occisor guards it.

*REBEKAH drops her head. Breathes long and harried.*

**REBEKAH:** Occisor... Right... (Panicked) Sike, I think I'm going to... Sike, I --

*REBEKAH shakes her head to clear it, then VOMITS VIOLENTLY against her helmet.*

**SIKE:** Ahhhh! Rebekah! Oh god, oh god, oh god. Help! Someone help! My friend is sick!

**REBEKAH:** Sike, it's okay, I think it's just -- BLEUGH!

*REBEKAH vomits again. Corn, brown liquid, bits of meat, it all smooshes against the glass of her helmet and drips down into her suit.*

**SIKE:** Stay here, Rebekah. I'll find help. Okay? Stay here.

**REBEKAH:** Sike, don't go--

**SIKE:** (suddenly serious) Please try to stay calm. Rebekah-- Occisor can smell panic.

*SIKE blobs away in a hurry, leaving silence in his wake. REBEKAH'S breathing is laboured. Her suit beeps a steady alarm.*

ACT IISCENE 2

*REBEKAH sits on the girder of the sub, breathing slowly and rocking back and forth with nausea, staring at the Antikythera Mechanism in her hand.*

**ADS SUIT:** Alert. Air supply critical. Three minutes remaining.

**REBEKAH:** (to Antikythera Mechanism) I found you before I died. Honestly, I thought expedition was a waste of time, but I found you. And that's something.

*A GLOW gets REBEKAH'S attention. The light brightens... A cool blue. An AZURE MASS appears. It floats closer to REBEKAH and spreads out: it's a BIOLUMINESCENT CLOUD. Hundreds of pinpricks of glowing bacteria.*

*REBEKAH pushes off from the girder and floats to it.*

Hello. (Beat) Hello? (Beat) What are you?

*REBEKAH reaches a hand out. The BIO CLOUD moves part of its amorphous mass like an arm to greet her, and REBEKAH jerks her hand away. Then, feeling brave, she reaches back out to it.*

Huh. It tickles. Oh wow, it feels warm! How can I feel that through my suit? (Beat) Oh gosh, it feels... Weird.

*The BIO CLOUD reaches further up REBEKAH'S arm, up to her shoulders. REBEKAH shakes it free.*

Ah, no!

*The BIO CLOUD backs off immediately and starts floating away.*

Wait, wait...

*The BIO CLOUD hovers. REBEKAH reaches out an arm.*

It's okay.

*The BIO CLOUD comes closer and makes connection again. REBEKAH lets out an involuntary moan of pleasure.*

**REBEKAH (cont'd):** Whoops. It's just... That feels quite nice.

*In response, the BIO CLOUD moves further up REBEKAH'S shoulders and this time she allows it. REBEKAH floats and allows her entire upper body to be covered by the BIO CLOUD. The CLOUD starts edging downward...*

Oh, I'm not sure if... That's not really... (But she lets it) Gnnnnnnhhhhh, that feels nice.

*The BIO CLOUD moves between REBEKAH'S legs and wraps all around her pelvis. She starts thrusting and grinding around.*

Ooh, that's different, that's definitely different. (In shock) Okay hold on, hold on, I can't be doing this... (The BIO CLOUD backs off) Yes I can, get back here. (BIO CLOUD comes back) That's better... Ooh yes... Wow, it feels like... Oh god... OH GOD... HOLY SHIT WHAT IS THAT...?

*REBEKAH'S body spasms and bucks, the BIO CLOUD is vibrating around her body now, HUMMING like a vibrator.*

Fuck yes, fuck yes, fuck yes, gnnnnnnnnhhhhh!

*REBEKAH experiences her first orgasm. In the ocean, assistant by a BIO CLOUD. As the vibrations and spasms subside, REBEKAH breathes deeply. Then she grasps her thighs and behind her in panic.*

Shit has my suit got a leak? (Realising) Oh. (Beat) Well, that's new. (To BIO CLOUD) Thank you.

*The BIO CLOUD vibrates loudly, then floats away. REBEKAH waves as it leaves.*

**ADS SUIT:** (BEEP) Alert. Air supply critical: One minute remaining.

**REBEKAH:** Shit. That orgasm must have really taken it outta me. Ah well. After that, I suppose I can die. (To ANTIKYTHERA MECHANISM) I should at least put you back to be discovered by someone else -- no!

*REBEKAH drops the MECHANISM. It sinks fast, then changes course mid-drop. It swings back toward the wreckage as if by magic and CLANG! Sticks against the sub. REBEKAH swoops down to pull it off.*

No way. (Gasps)

*REBEKAH separates an old metal container the mechanism has latched onto from the wreckage. Two pieces of bronze fittings clip off it, revealing it to be cylindrical.*

A fucking air tank?! What a stroke of luck! Honestly, wow, the chances... How fortunate.

*REBEKAH presses a nozzle on the tank and there's a RUSH of air, proving it is in fact, operational.*

**ADS SUIT:** (BEEP) Alert. Air supply critical: twenty seconds left.

**REBEKAH:** No, this can't... Ah well, stranger things.

*REBEKAH takes a deep breath and unscrews her own air tank. A HIGH PITCHED WHINE fills her helmet... Holding her breath, REBEKAH manoeuvres the new air tank, ancient though it is, into the old one's place.*

*Nothing happens. The WHINE continues.*

*REBEKAH turns her boosters on and propels herself backward into the girder -- WHAM! The tank locks into place, there's a sound of a seal breaking and a HISSSSSS. The whine goes away and REBEKAH takes a hearty breath.*

**REBEKAH:** Ha! Yes! You are fucking kidding me! (Clicks wrist)

**ADS SUIT:** Air supply remaining: four hours and forty seven minutes.

**REBEKAH:** Four hours? *Four hours?!* And forty seven motherfucking minutes, you legend! Yeeeeeaaaaasss! I mean (inhales) It tastes like an old bathroom towel but (exhales) it's air. (Beat) This must be...

*REBEKAH pulls hard at the ANTIKYTHERA MECHANISM and it comes off the sub.*

Magnetic. Which means... If I knew the rough direction of the Imperium, I could key it in, make an estimate on the lunar position based on the date and... *I could get back.*

ACT IISCENE 3

*REBEKAH flicks her boosters on and determinedly heads away from the wreckage. She clicks her wrist.*

**ADS SUIT:** Hydrodynamic pressure: one point nine axion by nineteen axion.

**REBEKAH:** Kyra! Kira! Kaera! I need you guys. I need you to demonstrate your magnetic anomaly detection for me! Come on, come and impress me! (No response) Laydays? (Beat) Sike! Fuck it... Sordy! Anyone? I have a chance to get back!

*A DEEP SWOOSH from below. REBEKAH feels it, searches.*

Hello?

*A distant, HIGH-and-LOW PITCHED LAUGH.*

Oh no. Not now, please not now.

*The laugh turns into a snigger, then in a flash of light, the shadow of a LONG TENTACLE appears.*

Occisor? That's you, isn't it?

*Another flash of light -- we see TWO TENTACLES this time.*

Things are just starting to look up for me, I'd appreciate it if maybe you could postpone whatever you've got planned--

*Another flash of light -- we see a PINCER-like BEAK and hear the strange chorused SNIGGER.*

Jesus Christ!

*When OCCISOR speaks, her voice sounds like it's made of different pitches, like a giant ate a cartoon dwarf, but the result is eerie and off-putting.*

**OCCISOR:** Rebekah. Rebekah Poleman.

*There's a HUSHING sound, of water being sucked into OCCISOR'S mantle and pushed through its siphon, that determines the speed of her movement.*

*With a RUSH of water, OCCISOR'S HEAD appears. She's HUGE and RED. Too big to fit in the space.*

*Her SPHERICAL EYE shines, almost the size of REBEKAH'S body.*

**OCCISOR:** You wish to stay in the Deep.

**REBEKAH:** (terrified; barely able to talk) Nope. I'm on my way back to my sub actually. So ah... Don't mind me.

**OCCISOR:** You wish to visit the underwater city.

*REBEKAH and OCCISOR size each other up for a beat. OCCISOR'S EYE revolves hypnotically.*

**REBEKAH:** No, really, I'm--

**OCCISOR:** You will have everything you need there.

**REBEKAH:** Really? Wow.

**OCCISOR:** Pretty cool.

**REBEKAH:** Yeah, that sounds... Cool.

**OCCISOR:** I guard the Brine pool which bars your way. I will permit you entry, but only you. Only this once.

**REBEKAH:** (looking at ANTIKYTHERA MECHANIM) But it could be hope for our whole species.

**OCCISOR:** We do not want your species down here. You are inherently evil, and unworthy of life.

**REBEKAH:** I can't say I disagree with you. But...

**OCCISOR:** In the underwater city, you will be alone. You will have an endless supply of food. You need never lament the worries of the surface again.

*OCCISOR comes closer. In the shadows, her TENTACLES loom, edging closer to REBEKAH, but REBEKAH doesn't notice.*

Look at me. (REBEKAH faces OCCISOR) Or, you can return to your submarine. You will present your findings and you will be responsible for the degradation of the remaining life of the Deep.

**REBEKAH:** (weighs up options) Um, I...

**OCCISOR:** Come with me, and more clouds of bioluminescent bacteria will give your orgasms. (Beat) Orgasms on tap, Rebekah. You deserve to put yourself first. You have never put yourself first.

**REBEKAH:** (lulled) That doesn't sound... Terrible.

**OCCISOR:** It is an agreement, then. Now, in which Meso resides the blobfish colony?

**REBEKAH:** What?

**OCCISOR:** You will tell me where I will find the blobfish family.

**REBEKAH:** Sike's family? What do you want with them?

**OCCISOR:** I have tasted and absorbed the flesh of every single species in this ocean. Every one but the blobfish. They elude me.

**REBEKAH:** Right. Well um, I can't give up Sike. He's a friend of mine.

**OCCISOR:** Then I shall take your legs.

*OCCISOR'S TENTACLES are wrapped around REBEKAH. She yells and struggles against them, but they tighten.*

**REBEKAH:** Jesus! Wait, wait, wait. Give me a second to think.

**OCCISOR:** You do not need the blobfish anymore.

*OCCISOR'S eye revolves and for a second, REBEKAH looks like she's entranced by it. A TENTACLE circles her waist and holds her in place. She struggles against it.*

**REBEKAH:** No. Don't. Stop.

**OCCISOR:** There is nothing for you up there. Give yourself to me.

**REBEKAH:** I said no, get away from me!

*REBEKAH brings the MECHANISM down hard on OCCISOR'S tentacle.*

**OCCISOR:** Ahhhhh!

*OCCISOR releases REBEKAH. There's a WHOOSH of water being churn through her mantle, and the scene goes darker as she fills the surrounding ocean with ink.*

(Rising anger) Ungrateful. You are not worth anything to anyone on the surface. Nobody has ever felt anything more than a paltry fondness for you. Why would they?



*OCCISOR lunges at REBEKAH -- and stops. Something has caught her attention. SIKE floats toward OCCISOR'S eye. REBEKAH watches in awe as SIKE slowly hovers... Then bounces gently off OCCISOR'S eye.*

**SIKE:** Hey Rebekah!

**REBEKAH:** Sike, what are you doing here? Move!

*OCCISOR raises her colossal head and we see it's GLINTING BEAK, terrifyingly close to SIKE.*

**SIKE:** You didn't sell me out?

**REBEKAH:** Of course not. Sike, we have to go!

*OCCISOR'S tentacles surround REBEKAH who turns to protect SIKE -- it's a dance to get away.*

**OCCISOR:** Let me have it!

**SIKE:** The anglers found your sub. For reals this time!

**REBEKAH:** Sike, I'm not going to make it.

**SIKE:** What? Of course you are.

*But OCCISOR wraps her tentacles around REBEKAH'S legs and holds her in place. Her beaks SNAPS open wider, preparing for a big bite. REBEKAH is doomed.*

Rebekah, you can do it.

*OCCISOR growls and prepares for a bite, but REBEKAH is prepared. REBEKAH brings the MECHANISM down hard on her air tank and everything moves into SLOW MOTION:*

*The nozzle snaps off and a STREAM of bubbles erupts.*

*REBEKAH shoots out from the tentacles, grabs SIKE on her way.*

*REBEKAH bounces off OCCISOR'S eye which IMPLODES in a mess of jelly, causing OCCISOR to scream.*

**OCCISOR:** Get back here!

**ADS SUIT:** (blaring alarm) Alert: leak in oxygen tank.

*OCCISOR struggles to catch up with REBEKAH but her air tank propels her faster through the water. And then, they lose OCCISOR.*

ACT IISCENE 4

*REBEKAH shoots through the water, propelled by her air tank, holding SIKE under her arm.*

**SIKE:** You did it! But now we're going too fast.

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: three hours forty minutes.

**SIKE:** What are you doing to do?

**REBEKAH:** Where are the Anglers?

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (off; unison) Wassup bitch?

*The ANGLERS swim next to REBEKAH. They have to yell over the sound of the air tank's leak and the ADS suit alert, and the rushing of water as they move fast.*

**KIRA:** What the fuck are you up to, Bex?

**KAERA:** You're outta control, girl!

**KYRA:** What a crazy ho!

**KIRA:** Whoa, easy kyra.

**KYRA:** Sorry, Bex--

**REBEKAH:** It's fine, I'm so glad to see you guys!

**KAERA:** You too, we thought you'd be squid shit by now.

**KYRA:** Kaera!

**KAERA:** Kyra, you said as much on The Bladder.

**REBEKAH:** Thanks guys, I'm hoping you can--

**KIRA:** You're under an axion away.

**KAERA:** You're going in the right direction. So just...

**KYRA:** Keep doing you.

**REBEKAH:** I don't have much choice.

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: three hours ten minutes.

**REBEKAH:** Shit, that's going fast. Kaera, what's The Bladder?

**KAERA:** You remembered my name!

**KIRA:** Good bitch.

**KYRA:** Good ho.

**KAERA:** The Bladder's our social media stream. It's how we communicate, with our swim bladders.

**KYRA:** Sike's mum's been posting all sorts of embarrassing shit.

**SIKE:** Oh, come on.

**REBEKAH:** What's she been saying?

**KAERA:** "Rebekah is proof the human race isn't bad and we need to help the humans. Like and share if you agree."

**REBEKAH:** Oh that's really sweet!

**SIKE:** Guys, shush. She's old, she just posts anything.

**KAERA:** Don't be embarrassed, Sike!

**KIRA:** Yeah hey, how about we sing a song?

**KYRA:** Yeah, Sike, what should we sing?

**KAERA:** Probably one about swimming, right? Or achieving against the odds or something?

**KIRA:** Yeah, something inspiring for Bex.

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: two hours twenty minutes.

*Everyone goes quiet. To break the tension, KAERA sings a high note. KIRA and KYRA harmonise. SIKE begins to sing.*

*It's made up nonsense -- mainly all about Rebekah's journey with possibly some on-the-nose lyrics about her personal journey to give less credence to self-doubt.*

**SIKE:** Come on, Rebekah, join in!

*REBEKAH sings, and it's cathartic. Even some passing KRILL join in. The song swells as the ocean gets LIGHTER.*

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: one hour thirty minutes.

*As the song progresses, REBEKAH'S air supply runs lower and lower. The ADS SUIT alarm beeps in time.*

**KIRA:** We're close, Bex!

**KAERA:** Come on...

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: forty minutes.

*PING! Imperium's radar sounds in REBEKAH'S comms. Ping! The song quietens, the ANGLERS humming in the background.*

**REBEKAH:** Holy shit, I can hear the sub!

**DAVID:** (off) -- another two of three days at least. I've told them we're not planning on returning to the surface until we've found her.

**REBEKAH:** That's David, my crew!

**SARAH:** (off) The chances of finding her are a million to one, David.

**DAVID:** (off) I'll take responsibility for the use of resource.

**REBEKAH:** Yeah, that's right, David!

**DAVID:** (off) She's our friend.

**REBEKAH:** (struck by how sweet David sounds) Yeah... That's right, David. (Coughs) And fuck you, Sarah, you nay-sayer. (To ANGLERS) How far are we?

**SIKE:** This is where it gets interesting...

**REBEKAH:** What do you mean?

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: thirty minutes.

**SIKE:** You can go to Imperium. Or you can go...

**REBEKAH:** What? Where?

**KAERA:** To the underwater city.

**REBEKAH:** What?

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: twenty minutes.

**KIRA:** Everyone's been discussing it on The Bladder and it's unanimous, you've earned entry. You don't need Occisor to grant you through the Brine pool.

**KYRA:** Only thing is: it has to be now.

**SIKE:** Alone.

**KAERA:** It's either Imperium, or the city.

**REBEKAH:** Are you sure I'll make it?

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply remaining: ten minutes.

**SIKE:** Yes, you'll make it.

**KAERA:** And it's glorious, Bex.

**KIRA:** You'll love it.

**KYRA:** You can orgasm every day. If you want.

**KIRA, KYRA AND KAERA:** (unison) Cum every day, *layday*.

**SIKE:** You have to decide now. Up for Imperium, down for the city.

*REBEKAH doesn't know what to do.*

**SARAH:** (off) Oh fucking hell, David.

**DAVID:** (off) What?

**SARAH:** (off) You know what.

**DAVID:** (off) I didn't eat them! I left as much for you as I got.

**REBEKAH:** They're talking about the last packet of Skittles, I know it.

**ADS SUIT:** Alert: leak in oxygen tank. Air supply exhausted.

*REBEKAH'S breathing becomes laboured. The alert changes in intensity. She looks to the fish.*

**REBEKAH:** Thanks for keeping me company, guys. (Into Comms) Poleman to Imperium, come in?

**SIKE:** (stoked) Yesssss.

**DAVID:** (off) Rebekah? Rebekah is that you?! Sarah, full radar search of our surroundings now!

*REBEKAH holds her breath and nods to her fishy friends as she uses the last of her boosters power to ascend up toward Imperium.*

*(END.)*